CENTRAL JOURNAL.

Vol. 1. KOSCIUSKO, MISSISSIPPI, DECEMBER 31, 1844. No. 26.

THE CENTRAL JOURNAL,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY EVENING.

BY W. B. HARPER.

Terms of the paper:

Subscription for one year, if paid in advance, ... $2 00.
If paid in six months, ... 2 50.
If paid in twelve months, ... 3 00.

☞ Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount, ($10,) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

... will be inserted at the following rates: For every seven lines or less, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, pay able in advance, or upon the first insertion.

☞ Standing advertisements, every seven lines or less, will be inserted as follows:
Three months - - - - - - - - - - - $3 00.
Six months - - - - - - - - - - - - 5 00.
One year - - - - - - - - - - - - - 8 00.

JOB WORK: the cash will be required for job work executed in this office, as soon as delivered.

Letters on buisnes with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free.

From Greham's Magazine for November.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

OR, THE MAGIC LUTE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

My beauty, sing to me and make me glad,
Thy sweet words drop upon the ear as soft
As rose-leaves on a well—FESTUS.

On a low stool at the feet of the Count de Courcy sat his bride, the youthful Lady Loyaline. One delicate, dimpled hand hovered over tho strings of her lute, like a snowbird, apout to take wing with a burst of melody. The other she was playfully trying to release from the clasp of his. At last she desisted from the attempt, and said as she gazed up into his proud "unfathomable eyes"——

"Dear DeCourcy! how shall I thank you for this beautiful gift? How shall I prove to you my love, my gratitude, for all your generous devotion to my wishes?"

Loyaline was startled by the sudden light that dawned in those deep eyes; but it passed away and left them calmer and prouder than before, and there was a touch of sadness in the tone of his reply—

"sing to me, sweet, and thank me so,"

Loyaline sighed as she tuned the lute. It was even thus when she alluded to her love. His face would ligaten like a tempest-cloud and then grow dark and still again, as if the fire of hope and joy were suddenly kindled in his soul to be as suddenly extinguished. What could it mean? Did he doubt her affection? A tear fell upon the lute, and she said, "I will sing

THE LADY'S LAY."

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my love for thee,
For questioning that thou question'st too,
My truth, my pride, my purity.

'Twere worse than falsehood thus to meet
Thy least caress, thy lightest smile,
Nor feel my heart exulting beat
With sweet, impassioned joy the while.

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my faith professed;
How should I, love, be less than true,
When *thou* art noblest, bravest, best?

The tones of the Lady Loyaline's voice were sweet and clear, yet so low, so daintily delicate, that the heart caught them rather than the ear. DeCourcy felt his soul soften beneath those pleading accents, and his eyes, as he gazed upon her, were filled with unutterable love and sorrow.

How beautiful she was! With that faint color, like the first blush of dawn, upon her cheek—with those soft, black, glossy braids and those deep blue eyes, so luminous with soul! Again the lady touched her lute—

For thee I braid and bind my hair
With fragrant flowers, for only thee;
Thy sweet approval, all my care,
Thy love—the world to me.

For thee I fold my fairest gown.
With simple grace, for thee, for thee.
No other eyes in all the town
Shall look with love on me.

For thee my lightsome lute I tune,
For thee—it else were mute—for thee.
The blossom to the bee in June
Is less than thou to me.

DeCourcy, by nature proud, passionate, reserved and exacting, had wooed and won, with some difficulty, the young and timid girl, whose tenderness for her noble lover was blent a shrinking awe, which all his devotion could not for a while overcome.

At the time my story commences, he was making preparations to join the Crusaders. He was to set out in a few days, and brave and chivalric as he was, there were both fear and griet in his heart, when he thought of leaving his beautiful bride for years, perhaps forever. Perfectly convinced of her guileless purity of purpse, thought and deed, he yet had, as he thought, reason to suppose that her heart was, perhaps unconsciously to herself, estranged from him, or rather that it had never been his. He remembered, with a thrill of grief and passionate indignation, her bashful reluctance to meet his gaze—her timid shrinking from his touch—and thus her very purity and modesty, the soul of true affection, were distorted by his jealous imagination into indifference for himself and fondness for another.—Only two days before, upon suddenly entering her chamber, he had surprised her in tears, with a page's cap in her hand, and on hearing his step, she had started up, blushing and embarrassed, and hidden it beneath her mantle, which lay upon the couch. Poor De Courcy! This was indeed astounding; but while he hed perfect faith in her honor, he was too proud to let her see his suspicions. That cap! that crimson cap! It was not the last time he was destined to behold it!

The hour of parting came, and De Courcy shuddered as he saw a smile—certainly an exulting smile—lighten through the tears in the dark eyes of his bride, as she bade him for the last time "farewell!"

A twelvemonth afterward, he was languishing in the dungeon of the East—a chained and hopeless captive.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed
Or the death they bear,
The heart, which tender thought clothes, like ail
With the wings of care."

The sultan was weary; weary of his flowers and his fountains—of his dreams and his dancing-girls—of his harem and himself. The banquet lay untouched before him. The rich chibouque was cast aside. The cooling sherbet shone in vain.

The Almas tripped, with tinkling feet,
Unmarked their motions light and fleet.

His slaves trembled at his presence; for a dark cloud hung lowering on the brows of the great Lord of the East, and they knew, from experience, that there were both thunder and lightning to come ere it dispersed.

But a sound of distant plaintive melody was heard. A sweet voice sighing to a lute. The sultan listened. "Bring hither the ministrel," he said, in a subdued tone; and a lovely, fair-haired boy in a page's dress of pale green silk, was led blushing into the presence.

"Sing to me, child," said the Lord of the East. And the youth touched his lute, with grace and wonderous skill, and sang, in accents soft as the ripple of a rill,

THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Shall I tell what the violet said to the star,
While she gazed through her tears on his beauty, afar.
She sang, but her singing was only a sigh,
And nobody heard it, but Heaven, love and I;
A sigh, full of fragrance and beauty, it stole
Through the stillness up, up to the star's beaming soul.

She sang—'Thou art glowing with glroy and might,
And I'm but a flower, frail, lowly and light,
I ask not thy pity, I seek not thy smile;
I ask but to worship thy beauty awhile;
To sigh to thee, sing to thee, bloom for thine eye,
And when thou art weary, to bless thee and die."

Shall I tell what the star to the violet said,
While ashamed, neath his love—look, she hung her young head.
He sang—but his singing was only a ray,
And none but the flower and I heard the dear lay,
How it thrilled, as it fell, in its melody clear,
Though the little heart heaving with rapture and fear.

Ah, no! love, I dare not, too tender, too pure,
For me to betray, were the words he said to her;
But as she lay listening that low lullaby,
A smile lit the tear in the timid flower's eye;
And when death had stolen her beauty and bloom
The ray came again to play over her tomb.

Long ere the lay had ceased, the cloud in the sultan's eye had dissolved in tears. Never had music so moved his soul. "The lute was enchanted!—The youth was a Peri, who had lost his way! Surely it must be so!"

"But sing me now a bolder strain!"—And the beautiful child flung back his golden curls—and swept the strings more proudly than before, and his voice took a clarion-tone, and his dark, steel-blue eyes flashed with heroic fire as he sang

THE CRIMSON PLUME.

O, know ye the knight of the red waving plume!
Lo, his lightning smile gleams through the battle's wild gloom,
Like a flash through the tempest; oh, fly from that smile.
'Tis the wild-fire of fury—it glows to beguile,
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom;
Oh, brave not the night of the dark crimson plume.

His armor is black, as the blackest midnight;
His steed like the ocean foam spotlessly white;
His crest- -a crouched tiger, who dreams of fierce joy—
Its motto—'Beware, for I wake to destroy;"
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom,
Oh, brave not the night of the dark crimson plume.

"By Allah! thon hast magic in thy voice! One more! and ask what thou wilt. Were it my signet-ring, 't is granted!"

Tears of rupture sprung to the eyes of the minstrel boy, as the sultan spoke, and his young cheek flushed like a morning cloud. Bending over his lute to hide his emotion, he werbled once again

THE BROKEN HEART'S APPEAL

Give me back my childhood's truth,
Give me back my guileless youth,
Pleasure, Glory, Fortune, Fame,
These I will not stoop to claim:
Take them. All of Beauty's power,
All the triumph of this hour
Is not worth one blush you stole--
Give me back my bloom of soul.

Take the cup and take the gem,
What have I to do with them?
Loose the garland from my hair,
Thou shouldst wind the night shade there;
Thou who wreath'st with thy flattering art;
Poison flowers to bind my *heart!*
Give me back the rose you stole,
Give me back my bloom of soul.

"Name thy wish, fair child. But tell me first what good genius has charmed thy lute for thee, that thus it sways the soul?"

"A child-like angel, with large melancholy eyes and wings of lambent fire—we Franks have named him Love. He led me here and breathed upon my lute.'

"And where is he now?"

"I have hidden him in my heart," said the boy, blushing as he replied.

"And what is the boon thou would'st ask?"

The youthful stranger bent his knee, and said, in faltering tones—"Thou hast a captive Christian knight; let him go free and love shall bless thy throne!"

"He is thine—thou shalt thyself release him. Here take my signet with thee."

And the fair boy glided like an angel of light through the guards at the dungeon door. Bolts and bars fell before him--for he bore the talisman of Power—and he stood in his beauty and grace at the captive's couch, and bade him rise and go forth, for he was free.

De Courcy, half awake, gazed wistfully on the benign eyes that bent over him. He had just been dreaming of his guardian angel; and when he saw the beauteous stranger boy—with his locks of light—his heavenly smile--his pale, sweet face--he had no doubt that this was the celestial visitant of his dreams, and, following with love and reverence his spirit guide, he scarcely wondered at his sudden disappearance when they reached the court.

CHAPTER III.

"Pure as Aurora when she leaves her couch,
Her cool, soft couch in Heaven, and, blushing, shakes
The balmy dew-drops from her locks of light.'

Safely the knight arrived at his castle gate, and as he alighted from his steed, a lovely woman sprang through the gloomy archway, and lay in tears upon his breast.

"My wife! my sweet true wife! Is it indeed thou! Thy cheek is paler than its wont. Hast mourned for *me*, my love?" And the knight put back the long black locks, and gazed upon that sad, sweet face. Oh! the delicious joy of that dear meeting! Was it *too* dear, too bright to last?

At a banquet, given in honor of De Courcy's return, some of the guests, flushed with wine, rashly let fall in his hearing an insinuation which awoke all his former doubts, and, upon enquiry, he found to his horror that during his absence the Lady Loyaline had left her home for months, and none knew whither or why she went, but all could guess, they hinted.

De courcy sprang up with his hand on the heft of his sword, and rushed toward the chamber of his wife. She met him in the anteroom, and listened calmly and patiently as he gave vent to his jealous wrath, and bade her prepare to die. Her only reply was--"Let me go to my chamber; I would say one paryer; then do with me as yon will."

"Begone!"

The chamber door closed on the graceful form and sweeping robes of the Lady de Courcy. But in a few moments it opened again and forth came, with meekly folded arms, a stripling in a page's dress and *crimson cap!*—the bold, bright boy with whom he had parted at his dungeon-gate.! "Here! in her very chamber!" The night sprang forward to cleve the daring intruder to the earth. But the stranger flung to the ground the cap & the golden locks, and De Conrcy fell at the feet, not of the minstrel-boy, but of his own true-hearted wife, and begged her forgiveness, and blessed her for her heroic and beautiful devotion.

——x——

'Did you present your account to the defendant?' inquired a lawyer of his client. 'I did, your honor.' 'And what did he say?' 'He told me to go to the devil.' 'And what did you then?'—'Why; then I came to you.'

——x——

A man in New Hampshire gave as a reason for not voting for the abolition of capital punishment, that all who deserved to be hung would move to New-Hamshire, and they had quite enough of that class already.